

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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That Fireplace at Neufchateau

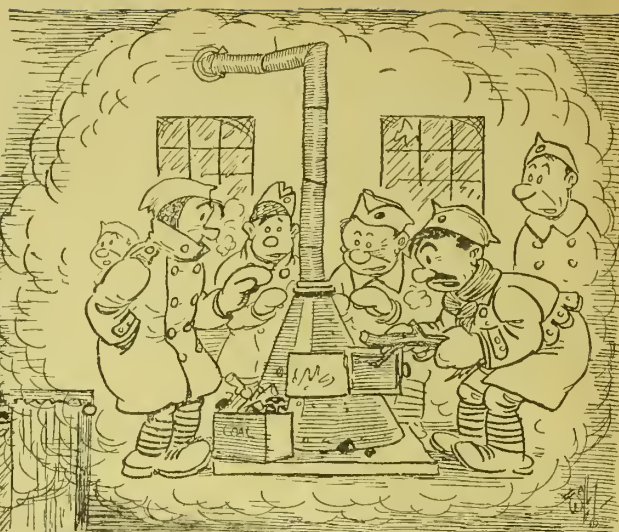
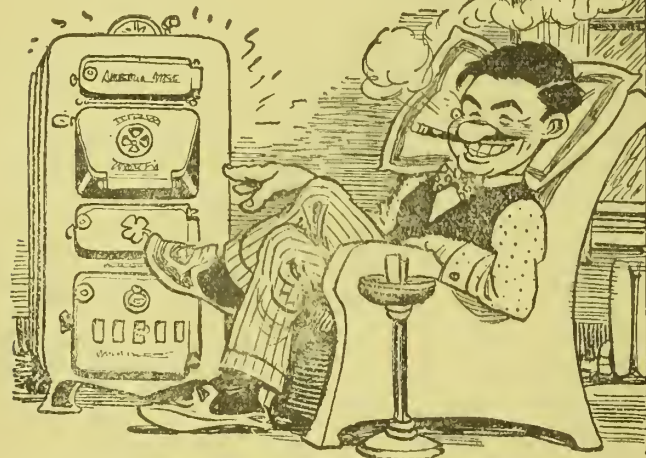
It is still a bright picture in Buddy's memory. He loves to recall the time when he watched its sputtering flame, toasted "sunny" France in vin blink and sang twenty verses of "Parley Voo." But the glow from that fireplace was mostly the warmth of good fellowship.

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(signed) **Buddy**
THE AD-MAN



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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES
627 West 43d Street, New York City

Owned exclusively by
The American Legion.

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AUGUST 1, 1924

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It Happened Ten Years Ago

Do You Remember John Bunny, Larry Lajoie, Pauline (She of the Perils), Pollyanna? They Loomed Large in Our Lives in July, 1914, When Marconi Was Fantastically Predicting Wireless Telephony and Nobody Was Dreaming of Such an Explosion as a World War

By Alexander A. Gardiner

IT is exactly ten years since Germany's declaration of war against Russia definitely established the fact that the little Austro-Serbian imbroglio had started a great war. The assassination of the Austrian archduke and his consort on June 28th had furnished the pretext for an ultimatum that had to take no for an answer. But the ultimatum was not presented until July 23d. Behind the scenes the fireworks were in the making, but the world at large went peacefully about its accustomed business. It read about the burial of the royal victims, about the arrests in Germany and Austria-Hungary of supposedly plotting Slavs—and then forgot what it had read.

In the period between the first of July and the 23d, in the momentous year of grace 1914, what was the world saying thinking and doing?

Well, war was on everybody's lips, but it was war between Ulster and the rest of Ireland. Mme. Caillaux was on trial in Paris for the shooting of Joseph Calmette. Business was in a bad slump all over the United States. Russia was in turmoil over the slaying of the monk Rasputin. William Randolph Hearst was demanding that President Wilson make Francisco Villa president of Mexico. The United States Government had just filed suit in Federal Court at New York to dissolve the New Haven railroad's monopoly. Suffrage workers, given an audience by President Wilson, had tried in vain to cross-examine him after he answered their questions. Scotch suffragettes had attempted to blow up the cottage in which the poet Burns was born, and their English sisters had heckled King George. The first ship had just gone

LONDON, July 1.—Mr. Marconi announces that within the next three months an attempt will be made to talk by wireless telephone between Carnarvon, Wales, and New York.

THUS a news dispatch of ten years ago that raised eyebrows among the skeptics—and the woods were full of skeptics. Why, nobody had ever yet talked from New York to San Francisco even over a wire. Radio, round-the-world airplane flights (remember the amazement with which the world greeted Bleriot's hop across the English Channel?), the insulin cure for diabetes, the development of the gland theory, the internal arrangements of the atom, the measurement of distant suns—these are things of which the world knew nothing a decade ago. What were its interests then? What was it thinking about? How was it amusing itself?

through the Cape Cod Canal and the first ocean-going vessel was due to pass through the Panama Canal in a few days. Colonel Roosevelt had been served with papers in William Barnes's suit against him for libel.

Christy Mathewson was pitching in great form, Larry Lajoie was managing Cleveland and doing some pinch hitting once in a while, Honus Wagner was still playing great ball, the Philadelphia Athletics were away out in front, and the Boston Braves had just started their sensational drive that was to bring them from the cellar to the top of the National League. Maurice McLoughlin, tennis wizard, had just gained a second leg on the Longwood Bowl. And "The Perils of Pauline" were showing in sixteen New York theaters.

In the American world of fiction, Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup" had just fallen from its high estate of best seller, yielding to Owen Johnson's "The Salamander," "Pollyanna" by Gene Stratton Porter, and "Penrod" by Booth Tarkington.

John Bunny, he of the ample form, was playing opposite Flora Finch

and making pictures that convulsed movie patrons all over the world. D'Annunzio's "Carbiria," filmed at the stupendous cost of \$150,000, was being shown in America. Mary Pickford had made something of a name for herself, but Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy Montgomery had not been born.

"You know me, Al" and "I should worry" were the prize slang expressions of the day, certain to be heard with all sorts of variations and additions at all hours of the day and night. "You made me what I am today" was breaking the heart of Broadway and points west. "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which had brought a measure of fame to Irving Berlin, was still holding out strong, though getting on in years, but it was the strains of "The International Rag," with its

London's lost its dignity,
So have France and Germany

that caused a dash for the dance floor at the summer resorts. The tango, venerable through some three or four years' service, the bunny hug, the turkey trot, the Castle Walk (Vernon and Irene were at the heyday of their popularity), the maxixe, difficult of execution and therefore wooed persistently, and the one-step (which last means more to 1924 than all of the others combined) had the call.

Women's skirts were ankle length and so tight that street car companies lowered running boards to keep schedules from going to pieces.

The Prince of Wales, about to reach his majority, was to come into a fortune of five millions of dollars, said the newspapers, which were certain that he would soon get married.

But that was ten years ago.

WHAT

Did *the* World Gain by *the* WORLD WAR?

¶ Ten years ago this first week of August the greatest cataclysm in history descended on mankind.

¶ Certainly we are still too near the event to hope to measure its full significance—if, indeed, that significance ever can be measured—but quite as certainly the war is far enough behind us for us to be able to see in it and its aftermath some part of the lesson it holds for us.

¶ What is that lesson? What did the world gain by the World War? The American Legion Weekly put this question to citizens of the Allied and former enemy countries representing every complexion of political and social thought. The replies received are published herewith.

JANE ADDAMS

America: President, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

(1) A revelation of what modern war is, when systematic propaganda arouses world-wide hate and when the latest methods of industrial efficiency achieve the maximum of slaughter and destruction.

(2) Among the living a growing determination to abolish war for the sake of those who gave their lives to end it.

NORMAN ANGELL

England: Author of "The Great Illusion"; economist and publicist

Your question carries the implication that the world is a unit—that wars are now world wars, ending, for good or evil, in world settlements. This means, of course, that if we cannot make a workable world in peace time, implying again a world organization, then we shall again have a world catastrophe, as much worse than the last as that was worse than the preceding one, and the world will have gained nothing at all by the war.

GEN. HENRY T. ALLEN

America: Formerly Commanding General, American Forces in Germany

The World War, for which we sent two million soldiers to Europe and for which we had an equal number in readiness for embarkation, afforded an exceptional opportunity for us to get an insight into the lives and motives of other nations. We have, as a result, a better understanding of the big problems of European states and peoples. The world has seen that the impious creeds that might makes right and that the state as the incarnation of power stands above law have been overthrown. These doctrines were as destructive of public morality as they were fatal to liberty and to those virtues which must flourish in free states. The world has learned much more of the inter-dependence of states. It has learned that Europe cannot proceed properly along the road of moral and physical restoration

without our participation in the great unsettled post-bellum measures.

The world believes in the soul of this great republic which protests against secession from the society of other countries. A greater spirit of liberalism has come over the nations of the earth and the spirit of our own country visualizes more fully the rôle that destiny has imposed upon us and the necessity of our progressing with the demands of modern standards of civilization.

NEWTON D. BAKER

America: Secretary of War during the World War

Until some effective arrangement is made whereby the United States will participate with the other great peoples of the world in the interest of peace, it will be difficult to extract from the consequences of the World War enough gains to console us for the tragic sacrifices which that war entailed. Taking the long view, however, I believe it is possible now to say that the world is at last convinced that the balance of power theory is an unstable basis for world peace and that international co-operation is the only other plan to be tried. This is a great gain.

America's contribution to the great war demonstrated two other important facts, first, that the soldiers of a democracy can be counted upon to make the last extreme of sacrifice and devotion to the ideals of liberty, and second, that it is possible for great armies of young men to be clean, wholesome and humane as well as brave.

HILAIRE BELLOC

England: Essayist, historian; student of military strategy and tactics

The world gained by the Great War a demonstration in practice that the atheist doctrine and tradition of which Prussia had been the increasingly successful exponent for 150 years would ultimately prove weaker than the culture of Christendom. But only the remotely distant historian will see the general outline of the great change the war has made toward the other traditions of Europe.

A request for a contribution to the Weekly's symposium was sent to the former Kaiser—the envelope was addressed “Wilhelm Hohenzöllern, Esq., Doorn, Holland.” In reply was received the letter reproduced herewith, over the signature of his secretary, Admiral H. von Rebeur-Paschwitz. It reads: “In answer to your letter dated May 31st His Majesty the Emperor tells me to let you know that he regrets not being able to comply with your request. As to the question, ‘What did the world gain by the World War?’ I would think the only possible answer can be, ‘Nothing! It lost everything!’” Admiral von Rebeur-Paschwitz was in command of the German squadron which visited American waters in 1912. In May, 1914, he became director of the naval academy at Kiel—the German Annapolis.

SIR ARTHUR W. CURRIE
Canada: Principal of McGill University; Commander-in-chief of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces during the World War

By the World War we gained a truer appreciation and a better realization of war's unspeakable waste, its dreadful hardships, its cruel slaughter and its aftermath of loneliness, sorrow and broken hearts. We now know that as a means of solving the world's problems and removing international discord war is a delusion and a lie. We know that no matter how much a nation may desire to hold itself aloof and to keep apart from the struggle it cannot escape war's terrible effects.

An appreciation of even these two things should influence nations to leave nothing undone that would help in even the slightest degree to lessen the possibility of international strife.

We know that there is no glory in war, either in its methods or in its results, and that its only glory is the glory of a sacrifice for the ideals which are involved. The memory of the generous sacrifices of the youth of our land who hesitated not to enter the lists of battle when the trumpet for freedom blew as it had blown for their fathers in older days, their courage, their devotion and their chivalry should ever be to all succeeding generations an inspiration and a challenge. Their voices call to us from across the Great Divide bidding us not to be dismayed but to take courage from their achievements and their devotion, for “hate has no harm for love and peace unweaponed conquered ever wrong.” If we heed those voices, we shall have gained much.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

America: President Emeritus of Harvard University

The World War destroyed the huge Russian, German and Austrian autocracies, revived several freer nations

Flam. Doorn. June 18th 1924.
Sir:

In answer to your letter dated May 31st His Majesty the Emperor tells me to let you know that he regrets not being able to comply with your request.

As to the question: “What is the worst gain by the World War?” I would think the only possible answer can be, “Nothing! It lost everything!”

Very truly yours
H. von Rebeur-Paschwitz

which those autocracies had crushed or cut into pieces, strengthened the three great powers in which democratic principles have made good progress, and brought them nearer to effective union for promoting liberty, justice, and peace throughout the world.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

Great Britain: War correspondent, author

The only gain to humanity from the World War, as far as I can see now, was the inspiration that comes from the supreme valour of youth and its ready sacrifice for ideals higher than self-interest. Perhaps also we have learned that the power of destructive machinery is so prodigious that mankind will destroy itself unless it can limit the areas and occasions of war by a pact of nations for the maintenance of world peace.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM HOHENZÖLLERN

Germany: The former Crown Prince

The United States entered the war believing to destroy

(Continued on page 21)

Number 52 Rue Nationale

A Tale of the D. C. I.

REMEMBER the riot in Rue Nationale, Le Mans?

Some five thousand of you recall it . . . that pleasant summer evening in 1919 when everyone seemed crazy, when Frenchmen and Americans milled in the street, glass was crashing, pistol shots echoed across the town, and finally, two hours late, a battalion of French soldiers came charging down on us. Perhaps you remember the house at Number 52, which was the center of that mysterious turmoil.

Weird tales you heard, astounding tales of murder, of executions, of spies. They couldn't be true, all those thousand floating rumors. At least you wondered . . . and now, to clear up the matter, I am setting down the story of Number 52 as I know it.

It was a gaunt, tall, dirty old house, its windows shuttered tight and its door guarded by iron spokes. By day it looked down impassively upon a narrow, bustling street. By night no chink of light escaped from its windows. To the casual passerby it was a deserted building, perhaps unoccupied for a hundred years.

But had you stood where I did that morning in February, 1919, you would have seen a thin waver of yellow smoke slipping from one of its chimneys. It was from a window I looked, in the rear top floor of the Provost Marshal's office on Rue Bourge Belle.

"Madden," I said to my first sergeant, "I believe that place at Number 52 Rue Nationale is occupied."

He peered across the rooftops.

"You're right, sir."

And that was the beginning of it all.

For the house at 52 Rue Nationale, in the next six months, gained a reputation up and down the homecoming A. E. F. I believe that it was ranked ahead of that tall, dirty, apache roost in Spanish Town, Bordeaux, as a mystery mansion in the minds of American soldiers.

I say that was the beginning. So far as we were concerned it was. But the actual start of the affair was in America, at the time our grandfathers were proud of their blue or their gray. It began with that other war, and ended in the A. E. F.

At the time of our Civil War there came to America a swift and graceful Paris dancer, Mlle. Louise. She performed in New York about a year. Then, one day, she disappeared. And army officers, respectable citizens, mothers, police officials, when they checked their notes, decided that her disappearance was fortunate indeed. For she had been a busy little blackmailer in her year on this side. She had plied a groveling trade with remarkable skill. She had secured wealth.

Mlle. Louise appeared in Paris several years later, once more poor. And in France, where a Paris dancer is less of a sensation than in America, she was forced into a new trade. The police

caught her, after many years, picking pockets. She was fifty when she came out of prison.

And now, on this morning of February, 1919, never having heard of her, I looked across rooftops at the smoke from her breakfast fire, and wondered, absently, who she might be. At luncheon I mentioned that smoke to M. Campou, chief of the second arrondissement of the city of Le Mans, and he laughed.

"Mlle. Louise, eh?" He sniffed his champagne *fine*. "An introduction might be of benefit, if you want to keep your soldiers away from bad influences. I'll take you to the lady this afternoon."

IT was three o'clock when she admitted us, after clinking the chains at a barred door. I stared in amazement. Campou had told me her story. Here was the woman who had danced into the heart of New York.

A swift, graceful dancer! Well, she wasn't now. She stood awkwardly before us, sniffing, an unclean, toothless, one-eyed, ugly old woman, smoking a vile pipe, and wriggling her bare toes.

Her scant hair hung in straight oily strands around the bald spot atop her head. She was past eighty, Campou said; she looked a hundred and eighty. The house was dark, silent, foul. It was horribly uninviting.

"Here is a new officer to help watch you, Mam'selle," Campou explained cheerfully. "I have brought him so that he may see you himself. He is an American."

"Americans are dull!" replied Mlle. Louise. Her voice was high, sharp, rough.

"And the lady before you," Campou went on, "is a pickpocket, a thief, a kidnapper, a forger, a burglar, a blackmailer, a murderess. . . ."

"Tch!" she interrupted him. "I am not a murderess! I never killed anyone! As to your other compliments . . . I am retired."

We went back into the sunlight, both of us glad to breathe fresh air.

"Keep an eye on her!" was Campou's warning. "Visit her house from time to time." He explained that the French police, whenever they searched for a known criminal, looked first at Number 52.

So I went back to my office and made out a card in our file case for Mlle. Louise. I numbered it "52." By October it was the thickest file in our index.

The first affair at the house occurred less than a week after my formal introduction to its owner. The American



By Karl W. Detzer

Illustrated by V. E. Pyles



A swift, graceful dancer! Well, she wasn't now. She stood awkwardly before us, sniffing, an unclean, toothless, one-eyed, ugly old woman, smoking a vile pipe

decided to question Mlle. Louise. The house was silent, still dark, still un-aired, but empty of Americans. Campou led the way to the cellar.

The stone floor was stacked with robbers' loot. Campou identified it. Here were the goods pilfered from a dozen villages by the gypsy band. Mlle. Louise was surprised . . . wondered how it got there. She accused me of stacking it there on a raid. She accused Campou of paying her to hide it.

She had told us nothing when we hauled the loot away. We only knew that the dark house at 52 Rue Nationale was linked somehow with that wandering band of gypsies. At five o'clock in the afternoon I started for the village of La Rote, where my operator was waiting. Five or six other D. C. I. men followed. We parked our cars on the edge of town.

"There are Americans with that gypsy crew!" the little detective explained. "I slipped into their camp last night. They were talking English in the wagons. I was just well hid when the dogs began to bark, so I had to run."

"But why advise raiding Number 52?" I demanded.

"I heard them talking about getting the stolen good to Le Mans. It was the women who said that in French. They said 52, just as we do. I just guessed it was Rue Nationale."

We drove into the country until the last of the villagers was abed. Then slipping into town we set up our watch. There was an hour to wait. It rained. It blew a half gale and the air grew chilly, and then cold. At length, near the public square, a window smashed. A jeweler's window!

A D. C. I. man, running toward the sound of the glass, saw two figures chasing away through the night. At midnight we surrounded the wagons, five of them. A flash from my electric torch started my operators, each in his own sector. We lined up the "gypsies."

NOT Romanies! They disgraced the name. The men were American A. W. O. L's, the women were pupils of Mlle. Louise, from Number 52. They fought. When we searched for their weapons we found .45 calibre American automatics.

We sent for the gendarmes of the town of La Rote, to turn over the horses and wagons. And while we were corraling the "gypsies" in their camp, an American Ford truck drove up . . . we captured the driver, who had been making night trips back to Number 52.

A court martial handled the deserters. Because we could not prove that they had actually stolen a specific article, or which man had stolen which article, it tried the group only for desertion, and sent them back to the guardhouse. The women, in French civil courts, were sentenced to ten years each. The gypsy caravan, ingeniously prepared under the shrewd direction of Mlle. Louise, was sold at government auction.

(Continued on page 18)

Provost Marshal demanded that the military police, the intelligence department, and my office of the Division of Criminal Investigation clean up the ten thousand absentees without leave in the area, and do it at once. I went with Captain Hill of the Military Police to raid Number 52. Hiding in the shadows we waited for someone to enter. We were rewarded in less than an hour. A man appeared, rapped, and the chains within rattled. We crowded in at his heels.

SOME twenty Americans, drunk, mutinous, dirty, were sleeping on the floors of that old four-story shack. In airless rooms, in unclean corridors, under stairs, we hauled out our soldiers, the unfortunates of the A. E. F. There were several petty thieves among them, deserters, men wanted.

Mlle. Louise stood at the head of the stair and invoked harm on our heads in loud, old-fashioned United States. On the top floor we discovered three women, long wanted by the French as pickpockets. These we turned over to M. Campou.

Captain Dick of the Military Police made the next raid alone. Among others he apprehended that night was an American captain for whom we had been searching for several days. He had been reported missing. He was sleeping off a spree in a messy room. How he got there he had no idea, he told us. Some one approached him in a café, called him a nice boy, and now his money all was gone.

We sent him back to his outfit.

That week for the first came to our ears the story of the gypsies. They were musical beggars, wandering over the country, playing at village fairs. They appeared in a town in the morning, and that night every-

thing which wasn't nailed down disappeared. So did the gypsies. Then they turned up again somewhere else, far away.

We did not connect them with Number 52 at first. That house had become silent. Police raids were less frequent, for no one ever was found, except the retired pickpocket. She laughed at the officers. So they avoided 52, except perhaps once a month, and then they discovered little or nothing.

But the gypsies worried us. They could speak English, soldiers told us. Villagers explained that they chattered French. We were surprised at that. Continental gypsies as a rule speak only Spanish or Roumanian, in addition to their own Roumanian tongue.

"They're Americans!" charged the French police.

We shook our heads.

Then in a small town near Alençon we first joined the French in searching a gypsy caravan. A carnival in a nearby village tooted its horns on the front streets while scamps stole at the back. The French blamed Americans. We trailed the gypsies and the next night raided their wagons.

Nothing, absolutely nothing!

A few more weeks. More thefts. At last I sent an operator, a French-American, to follow the caravan. His first report came by telegraph the second night.

"Send help," it said. "Many Americans involved. Raid 52 Rue Nationale at once."

It was ten in the morning when I read it. I called upon M. Campou. We

EDITORIAL

FOR God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

"Youth Which Believes"

THE American Bar Association has a standing committee which logically and lawyer-like pursues a permanent inquiry into the subject we in the Legion know by the name of Americanism. The objects of this committee's endeavor are about the same as those of the Legion's National Americanism Commission: To imbue respect for and understanding of our institutions of government; to make our language, our laws, our political and social ideals those of the new citizens who come to us from other lands. It is quite a task. Obstacles are neither few nor small. Summing up a few of them, the Bar Association asks this question in its last annual report:

"How, then, shall we proceed to leaven this vast lump of indifference, ignorance and hostility?"

The Association answers its own question thus:

Our plan has been to work with and co-ordinate the efforts of every society in America competent and willing to do the work, and in this way we have been amazed and delighted to find the magnificent work that these organizations are accomplishing along patriotic lines, how readily and intelligently they respond to every appeal. Foremost of these in numbers, youth and zeal, is of course The American Legion. If sometimes the Legion in its enthusiasm does radical things, it must be remembered that youth which believes is always radical. Youth which believes is never lukewarm and seldom moderate. But of all the assets that America now has for good citizenship and the awakening of the political conscience, undoubtedly this great body stands among the first.

A flattering testimonial. "Of all the assets that America now has for good citizenship and the awakening of political conscience, this great body stands among the first." From such a distinguished body as the American Bar Association this is pleasant indeed. But finest of all is this:

"Youth which believes. . ."

No finer commentary on the inspirational motive power behind any Legion effort has ever been made, because there is nothing finer or more wholesome, nothing that will fare farther or better than Youth which Believes.



YOUTH with vision. Youth with purpose. Youth ardent and courageous. Youth believing. In this cause or that, these are qualities which hold out. They bear up. The world moves forward on the eager limbs of youth. Mature minds direct, caution, guide and curb; but youth, believing, advances with dash, heedless of losses—like cavalry. More often than not, like cavalry, it is cruelly battered. But much that is gained by intrepidity is held, somehow, by the slower forces which follow the thrust. . . . Then another generation darts forward. The cavalry of yesterday is the General Staff, the gray-heads, now—cautioning, guiding, directing impetuous youth out in front.

"Youth which believes is never lukewarm and seldom moderate."

There is little doubt about that. The statement is enough to establish that The American Legion is dominated by the spirit of youth. The Legion is never lukewarm and seldom is moderate. As a general statement, that is true enough for everyday requirements. The Legion does not split hairs—that is not youth's pastime. What the Legion

is for it is for and what it is against it is against. Its methods have been direct and its ends obvious. It has received praise and criticism from many quarters. With these alternating currents of comment some illusions have toppled.

For instance. Back in 1919 and 1920, when the Legion set its face against the rising tide of political and industrial radicalism, it was heralded as a conservative organization. It was the catspaw of Wall Street, which (one heard) had contributed a jack-pot computed as high as a million dollars to "put the Legion over." The "liberals" discerned that the Legion was a bad egg. It was reactionary. Organized labor shunned it even. In one or two States a man could not belong to a union if he carried a Legion card.

This all blew over. The Legion was of service in stemming the radical tide which reached its flood directly after the war. The Legion was a valuable stabilizing factor in the period of assimilation and readjustment. But scarcely were union labor's suspicions dissolved and union members not only permitted but encouraged by their leaders to join the Legion, than one learned that the Legion had sold out to labor. It was radical.

The wellspring of this information lay close to the interests who lately had sought to use the Legion and its prestige in a partisan manner in strikes and industrial disputes. They did not want to see too many working men and women and potential strikers in the Legion. They preferred to see potential strike-breakers in it. A little later the Legion investigated and exposed a few chapters of war profiteering and prodded up the Government's sluggish efforts to go after some of these folks. The Legion got a lot of applause for this. Liberal magazines like the *Nation*, which had been climbing the Legion's frame and exposing its crimes for years, said the organization was showing new promise. Some very influential interests in this country, however, began to criticise the Legion.



THEN there was the eventful contest for adjusted compensation. The Legion's reputed old friends and admirers, the Big Business people, tried to put the skids under the Legion. They formed and financed rival veterans' organizations—an expedient which, by the way, was extensively employed by the I. W. W. and other groups four or five years ago. The anti-compensation forces got members to resign from the Legion. They conducted a nationwide campaign of attack in the press. They impugned the Legion's patriotism and questioned its good name. They said the Legion had dishonored the flag it had served and was neglecting its disabled comrades to sell its soul for a "bonus."

Well, the Legion lived through it and won out. It gained in strength and influence. It made more friends than it lost. But a few more illusions have been shattered.

So it has gone. The Legion has done nothing for which it has not been criticized in some quarter. Not even the Legion's efforts for the disabled, in which it was obliged to bare a national scandal or two, can be excepted.

A Legion dodging criticism would be a Legion getting nowhere. The Legion's Americanism program, and its great potentialities in that direction, have been roundly assailed. The "liberal" and radical wing of our citizenry has never seen any sense to it. On the other hand the Legion has been commended in this detail—as we have just seen. It is a pleasure to record the formal judgment of a great body like the American Bar Association. It is gratifying that as penetrating a class as the legal profession sees in this Legion the spirit of "youth which believes."

That spirit is a good star to follow without fearing criticism, without courting praise. Youth sincere, youth courageous, youth believing in the principles to which the Legion was committed by its founders, can keep the Legion an institution deserving well of all America.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

HER name is Ishbel, and she is twenty-one. We click our heels together and make our smartest salute to her. Following which we bow low as we remark:

"Good for you, Ishbel. You're at once a great lady and a charming, sensible girl who knows how to put snobs in their place. You tickle our sense of humor and you have given a lesson which many women two and three times your age might study."

If Sergeant Jones of the 3—th infantry had been told, as he was scraping the trench mud off his shoes, "You're to take General Pershing's place," he would have had something of the same kind of rise in fortune as a man as Ishbel had as a girl. And if he had said, "All right. Come on, Corporal Smith, you'll be my aide. It's all in the day's work. Which is the way to Headquarters?" he would have taken his promotion as Ishbel took hers.

Ishbel is the daughter of Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor premier of England. There may be two opinions about the way her father has handled his job, but there is only one among real folks in England about the way that Ishbel has handled hers. As for the opinions of the unreal people, these only confirm Ishbel's success in the convictions of the real people. It is a question if she is not the find, the big personal achievement of the Labor government.

The death of Ishbel's mother made her mistress of her father's house, which was a simple cottage in Hampstead, and no one would ever classify Hampstead as being a near-aristocratic suburb of London.

Ishbel had a good education. Father saw to this, and it was the kind she wanted. She also learned how to cook and sew and to shop economically.

Also she knew politics, not high Tory politics but Labor politics, from having heard it talked from her childhood. She was the hostess to all the Labor members of Parliament who gathered at her father's home to plan for increasing their power.

When her father became prime minister grins spread at the prospect of men who had begun life as miners and laborers appearing at Buckingham Palace in court dress. And who was to become the first lady of the land after the Queen? Why, a chit of a girl from a cottage in Hampstead.

Of all places—Hampstead! Yes, my dears—preposterous! Ishbel had not even a preparatory training as a cabinet minister's lady. She was lifted up the ladder at one bound from that Hampstead-cottage to the famous old official residence of the prime minister at 10 Downing Street.

ALL her predecessors had been women of middle age, with what is called social background and long training as what they call political hostesses. The serene aristocracy of Lady Salisbury, the Rothschildian wealth of Lady Rosebery and the wit of Margot Asquith had reigned at Number 10.

And the wife of the prime minister must go to court. She must visit at Windsor Castle. At Downing Street she must oversee retinues of servants, preside at dinners to ambassadors and potentates and know all the ins and outs of the great world in order to make functions move smoothly. She must have social tact, ease of deportment and—"my dears, Ishbel, poor little cottage child! We must help her."

Of course, they must. Ishbel did not want for volunteers of assistance and advice. She found that she had as many new friends as the man on day wages who has inherited a million, with all the new friends only too pleased to sacrifice their time to show him how to spend his money.

But Ishbel was not so pitiful. Not so very. She knew her politics and she knew that she was the official mistress of

Downing Street, and she did not propose to sublet the job. When one great lady offered to instruct her in what to wear and how to appear at court she replied that she already knew what to wear and how to appear at court. Ungrateful little upstart! Let her go her way to her downfall!

On another occasion Ishbel is said to have reminded another great lady that although the lady's gown was very costly it lacked the simplicity properly to set off her type of beauty. She is also said to have asked a duchess if she knew how to cook. Tit for tat, that, in answer to inquiries about her court deportment.

Being well educated, and her schooling fresh in mind, she could lead many an expert on court deportment, who was weak on knowledge into channels of talk which turned the other's patronizing interest into intellectual embarrassment. Every time she took a fall out of a snob the others present, including the snobs, registered an inward cheer for Ishbel.

The eminent, whether Laborites or nobility, when they went to affairs at 10 Downing Street, had curiosity about how Ishbel would conduct herself to arouse their interest. Their predisposition in her favor was one advantage she had over some of her predecessors and she had the gift of turning it into a place in visitors' hearts.

WHEN she went to Windsor Castle, with its lords-and ladies-in-waiting, its equerries and flunkies, Ishbel was not a cottage girl wondering if she had the right movie manner for the occasion, but she took the occasion for granted and herself, too, as the mistress of Downing Street. If some of the ladies-in-waiting and flunkies were critical, the King and Queen were not.

It is said that when King George is out of his stage clothes and Queen Mary is not worrying about a suitable marriage for the Prince of Wales, and the royal pair are sitting in front of the fire, free of courtiers and the attendants, they are just a homey baldheaded man and his wife. Ishbel appealed to this side of them. She had dignity, too. They liked her partly, perhaps, because she had put some of those bothersome ladies of the peerage, who are always looking for favors at Court, in their place.

Ishbel's gift is that she did not have her head turned, she did not get fussed by power. She was just Ishbel, her real, simple, charming, frank, girlish self in Downing Street as she was at Hampstead. And she was having a good time in her job and making all except the snobs have a good time, too.

We had an American example of the Ishbel gift in Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Why," said one of the friends of her girlhood, "Mrs. Roosevelt is just the same in the White House that she was at home—just herself," which explains why she was a gracious adjutant to her husband.

Then there was Miss Folsom, only a little older than Ishbel, who went to the White House as Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She had the gift, too.

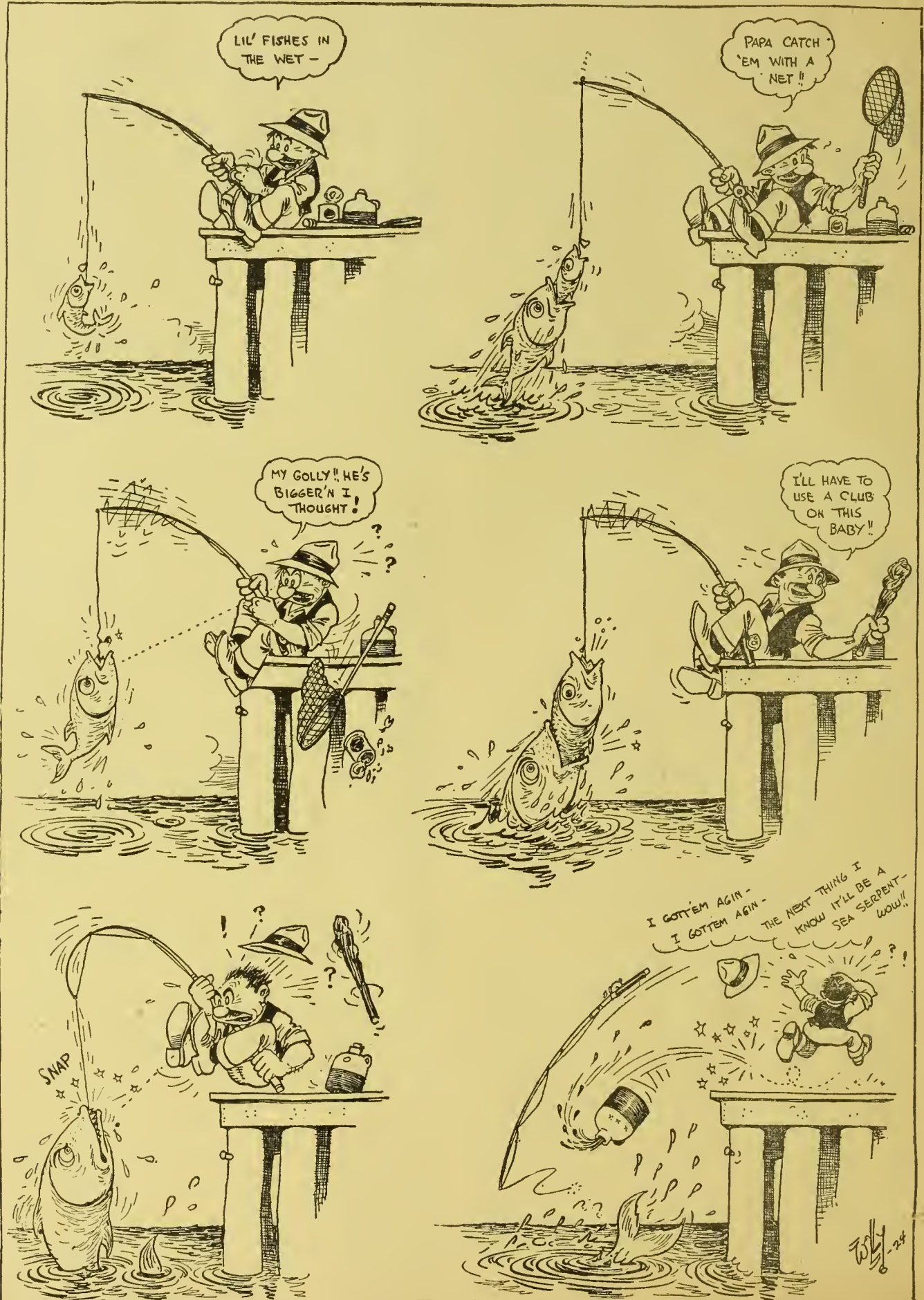
"To the devil with him," said one of Cleveland's bitter senatorial opponents, "but we are all for her."

So England is for Ishbel, who is a great help to her father. She is also a good tonic for that failing of some Englishmen which is expressed: "My good man, really, you know I have some lords among my friends!"

She is also a lesson in the value of being your real self to all snobs, including our home brands, who are too conscious of a sudden elevation, their money or their ancestors or that they live on a superior street in our town.

Another Big One

By Wallgren



How Iowa Posts Make Money

By Frank F. Miles

IOWA has 629 posts in 625 towns and cities. All but a few of the posts are up and doing. Annual membership dues average about \$3.50. No post in the State gets more than five dollars. After deducting one dollar for national headquarters dues and one dollar for department dues, little is left for most of them.

But few Iowa posts are "in the red." Some have fat bank accounts. More than 250 maintain club rooms. Quite a number pay their adjutants, some of whom devote all their time to Legion work. Several score Legion buildings have been erected, and more than that number are planned. Eighteen posts have bands; nine have drum and bugle corps; three have their own publications; scores have athletic teams. Many contribute to worth while civic enterprises. Some have erected monuments and memorials. Others have made substantial civic improvements, like swimming pools, rest rooms, community centers, tourist parks and band stands. No needy veteran nor his dependents need suffer here. Thousands of such cases have been handled satisfactorily.

This means that a very large percent of Iowa posts obtain money besides that which they receive from the members. Do they go begging in their communities? You tell 'em, Al, they do not! They earn it in countless ways, and some of the methods are mighty interesting.

There is one post, though, one of the largest, whose membership dues are \$5 a year, that has a paid, full-time adjutant, rents large, comfortable club rooms and does a tremendous amount of service work, that lives within its income from dues. But it has around 2,000 members. Another post has a paid, full-time adjutant and club rooms and charges members only \$3 a year. But it pays no rent. One post of only forty members, dues \$2.75 annually, has built and entirely paid for a \$10,000 Legion home without a nickel donated.

MOST Iowa posts are aided by their Auxiliary units, for fewer than 200 of the posts in this State are bachelors. The "Forty and Eight" voituers also render invaluable service and the few Fathers' Auxiliary units have helped greatly. As this article is being written, a "Forty and Eight" voiture is staging a Mardi Gras at an amusement park in one of the cities that eclipses anything of the kind ever held there.

The park was converted into a French city so gay-looking it would make the pleasure-loving French themselves green with envy. A combination of everything the overseas veterans saw in France, some things they didn't see, and all the stunts of New Orleans' famous Mardi Gras, along with many other features, has the whole city talking, and endless streams of pleasure-hunters are passing through the gates.

Before the show even started, the "Forty and Eighters," other Legionnaires and Auxiliary members donned Mardi Gras costumes, canvassed the downtown districts and sold more than 20,000 tickets. Twenty thousand more tickets were printed.

One thriving Iowa post has 219 members, each of whom has paid \$3 membership dues. With only \$219 for the treasury from this source, this post pays its adjutant \$300 a year, pays \$360 annual club rooms rent, frequently sends gifts and money to disabled comrades in the hospitals, and in eight months installed more than \$500 worth of playground apparatus in the town park, paid out \$850 for a monument, loaned more than \$300 to deserving veterans, paid its delegates' expenses to the state convention, lost \$400 on a barbecue due to heavy rains, and still has nearly \$1,000 banked.

High finance? No, just hard work. The post has never directly asked anybody for a cent. The members are constantly on the alert to serve not only veterans but others and the community in general. They make it a point that when they stage something for which they charge, those who patronize it will feel their money was well spent. That attitude assures loyal, substantial support of every project undertaken.

This same post organized and equipped a baseball team at an expense of about \$400, with the understanding that the amount was to be paid back if the aggregation made enough money. But the post's assistance didn't end there. Every member boosted the team with all his might. The citizens caught the spirit. The team won only about fifty percent of its games in its first season, but made hosts of friends by clean sportsmanship, and more than enough money to reimburse the post for the equipment. The team again took the field in the following season, played about two games a week, won consistently, made money on almost every game, and has gladly turned a percent of its profits into the post exchequer.

Last winter the post put a basketball team on the courts which made an enviable record and quite a sum for the organization. At the same time a dance committee outlined a series of dances that provided much enjoyment, easily passed rigid chaperonage and added nearly \$500 to the post's funds. A home talent minstrel on a two-night stand cleared more than \$600; a clean carnival last August increased the bank balance more than \$1,000. The canteen in the club rooms is well patronized.

BEST of all, everybody in the town this post calls home is an ardent booster for The American Legion. The post's meetings are events. The post has banqueted the business and professional men, and they in turn have banqueted the post. When the local Chamber of Commerce wants to do something in which the aid of the whole town is desired, the Legion is always among the first invited, and the Legionnaires named on the various committees in the civic movements always deliver.

There are several other Iowa posts who have equally as fine records.

The carnival was the most popular

medium through which Iowa posts raised money in the summers of 1920 and 1921, but some of the carnival companies cheated the veterans, some were accompanied by undesirables, some put on questionable shows, gambling devices and fake stunts. Iowa Legionnaires are two-fisted and hairy-chested, but they are just as clean-minded as any other group of Americans and they won't stand for rough stuff among the home folks, so now any traveling carnival company that hopes to appear under Legion auspices in our State has to pass rigid inspection.

The most successful Legion carnival ever staged in Iowa was put over without any imported talent. The post was among the State's largest in one of the most progressive and prosperous cities. For weeks before the big event both the daily newspapers, which are very friendly to the Legion, were filled with a publicity about it. Whoever wrote and gave out the stuff put in it as much mystery as he could about some of the scheduled acts. Everybody knew that the members of the post were to be the actors, the wild men, the fat ladies, the six-legged animals, the talking dogs, educated apes and so forth, but nobody except the men on the inside knew just what was coming.

THE carnival lasted a week. On a huge lot, use of which was donated by the city, fifteen tents were pitched. Everyone housed a thrilling, mirth-provoking show. Ballyhoosers did their stuff like hard-boiled top soaks. Numerous prizes were given away. Thousands of tickets were sold before the opening day. And how the crowds did attend! Something was doing every split second. There were hair-raising slides for life, burlesque trapeze performances, dancing "girls," a clown band that was a scream and acts of all kinds that would have made stone people laugh. Profits amounted to more than \$8,000. This post puts on a similar affair every summer and has a reputation for staging monthly meetings with programs that draw a larger percent of the membership than any other large post in Iowa.

Some Iowa posts have found the Powder River or Rattlesnake Gulch stunt the most lucrative of all. One post particularly, a post that has built and paid for a large, two-story brick Legion home, specializes in Powder River shows.

Every year, long before the event, the publicity starts through the city's dailies, all of whose managers, editors and reporters are either in the Legion or thoroughly Legionized. The city council turns over a street in the heart of the downtown district which the Legionnaires convert into a wild western town of such wildness the wildest dreams of Diamond Dick's creator look tame in comparison. The idea is to make it look so wild the citizens take it as a huge joke and enjoy themselves hugely. Most of the stores donate articles for sale.

When the show opens, the throngs of visitors find themselves among "Road

(Continued on page 17)

Bringing Up *the* Vote in Hawaii

YOU know it, or you ought to know it—the pledge which the younger brothers of the Legion take when they start as a rear-rank private in the Boy Scouts to work upward toward that exalted degree, years away, of Eagle Scout. Johnny Smith of Illinois and Jimmy Greene of Maine and Bobby Jones of Oregon know it by heart, and they won't ever forget it. It runs this way:

"On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout laws; to help other people at all times; and to keep

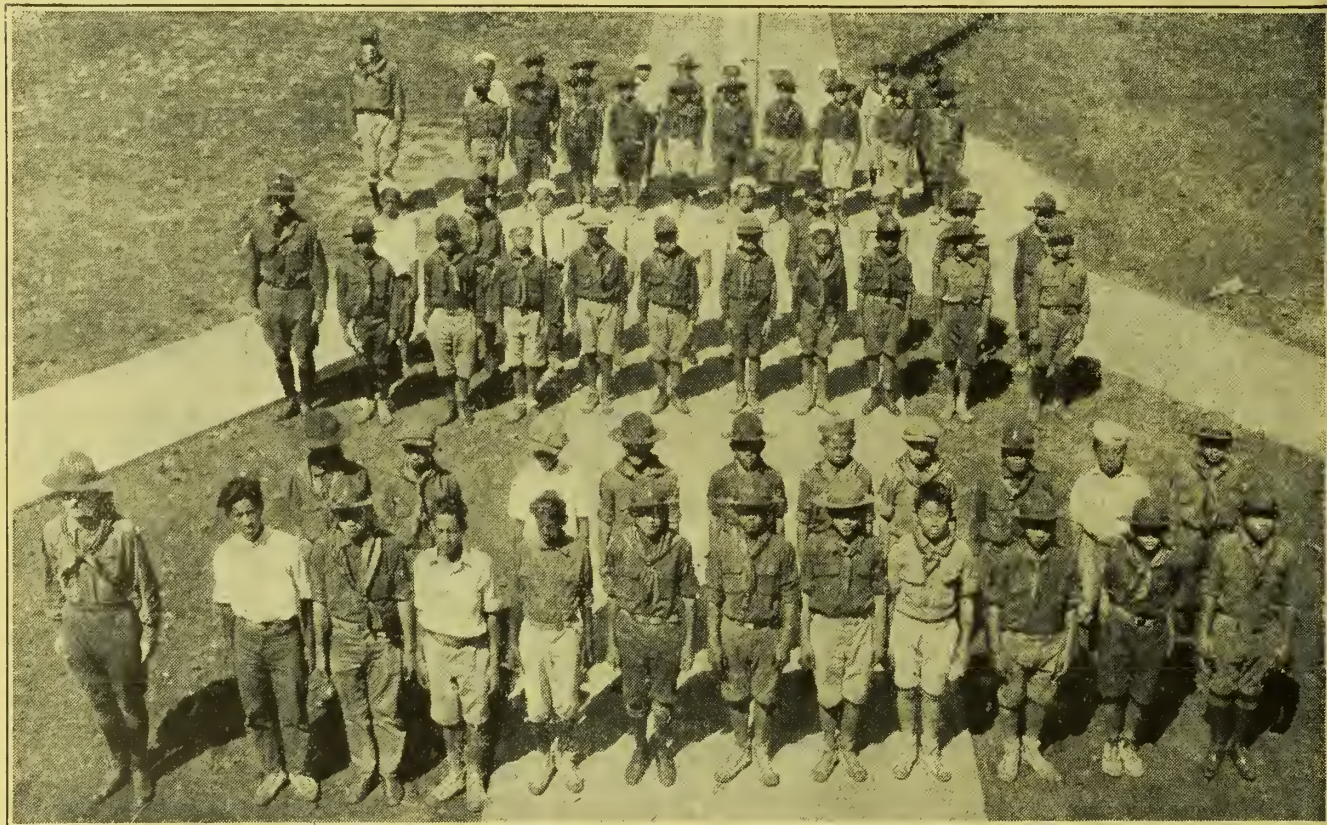
of Scoutsmen Kachu, Kamchailua and Perez, schoolboys of Honolulu, who are learning scout lore in Hawaii, America's island paradise of the Pacific, under the guiding hand of Honolulu Post of The American Legion.

Honolulu has taken under its wing one of the finest aggregations of boys to be found at the Pacific Ocean cross-roads of Hawaii. These boys attend the huge new schoolhouse in Honolulu named in honor of Prince Kuhio Kalandiana'ole, the last of the royal lineage of Hawaii.

Because Hawaii has been, since the

ence in the troop's affairs, and four post members act as scoutmasters. J. W. McCrillis, a former Air Service pilot, is the commanding scoutmaster, and he is assisted by George K. Larison, a former captain of Engineers, and David K. Wood, commander of Honolulu Post.

Educational authorities estimate that the knowledge acquired by a Boy Scout in successfully passing through the various grades of his training, from lowest to highest, would require a year of real study by a graduate of any college or university. Acquired pro-



These three platoons of sturdy Boy Scouts represent almost one hundred ballots in not-far-distant elections in the Hawaiian Islands. To help give them the privileges which are regarded as the birthright of every American boy, Honolulu Post of The American Legion has adopted this troop, composed of pupils of Kuhio School—seventy-eight of them of Japanese parentage and including, besides, Hawaiian, Chinese, Filipino and Korean boys—Americans all

myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

Now there is a mighty inspiring sentiment in that pledge, and the 11,000 posts of The American Legion have done much to bring it before the growing boys of all the States on the continent that Christopher Columbus discovered. That creed has come to be as respected as the Constitution, as honored as our flag, and, like the Constitution and the flag, it follows Americans to all parts of the world. And, like the Constitution and the flag, it extends its blessings without regard to race or color or religion. Whatever boy will believe in it, as an American, is welcomed to the Boy Scout ranks.

And so it happens that Johnny Smith of Illinois, Jimmy Green of Maine and Bobby Jones of Oregon are comrades

time of the early intrepid Spanish navigators, a meeting place for the East and the West, its population today represents many racial elements. The roll call of Honolulu Post's Boy Scout Troop is proof of this. Seventy-eight of the scouts are of Japanese parentage, six are Portuguese, six Hawaiian and part Hawaiian, four Chinese and two Filipinos, and one is a Korean. But one and all they were born under the American flag and will vote when they reach twenty-one.

More than eight hundred Legionnaires live in Hawaii, and Honolulu Post is the largest in the islands. The post adopted the Kuhio school scouts after a post committee had made a study of the boy problem in Honolulu. Mrs. Moore, principal of the school, continues to exercise a decisive influ-

gressively in many years, the knowledge of the Boy Scout fits him ideally for the duties he is called upon to take up after he has ended his school career and is taking a part in the social and political life of his community. So, in Honolulu, the scout training includes more than hikes to the rim of a smoking volcano and more than days of sport in the ocean surf. It carries with it an understanding of the principles of American government and those traditions of our country in which every American boy takes pride. Under the naturalization laws of the United States, the parents of most of the Legion's Boy Scout protégés are ineligible to the right to vote, but this right comes automatically to the boys as they reach the age of twenty-one. And Hawaii knows they will be ready for it.

A Land Law *with a Heart in It*

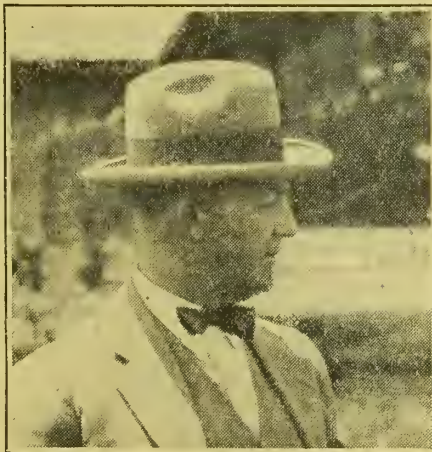
By Clem Whitaker



FATE, aided and abetted by that well-known synonym for the nether world commonly called war, twisted the life-tables of some few million wards of Uncle Sam so badly during the recent disorder across the pond that long-suffering mankind has been laboriously patching up the remnants ever since.

Out in California, for instance, the State Veterans' Welfare Board is much occupied at present with the task of converting war-made casuals into peacetime farmers and city home owners.

Take the case of LeRoy Cooley, animal trainer by profession and globe trotter by persuasion. The fickle goddess of fortune and war handed Cooley a pass to see the world on foot via the 361st Infantry of the 91st Division. Subsequently she shot away a portion



Before the war LeRoy Cooley was a lion tamer and globe trotter. Back from the A. E. F., wounded hand and foot and body, Cooley was striving desperately to make a livelihood for himself, his wife and their two children when the California Veterans' Welfare Board helped him get a farm of his own. Here is a view of the farm, located near Modesto, showing Mr. and Mrs. Cooley and several four-footed members of Cooley's present troupe

Farm Supervisor Milton C. Gordon of the Veterans' Welfare Board, the friend and advisor of the hundreds of California disabled service men who have been placed back on the high road to health and prosperity



Home, for Veteran R. N. Atkins and his wife, is this twelve-acre farm near Manteca, where dairy cows, horses, chickens, fruit trees and a truck garden are Atkins's allies in the battle he is waging against tuberculosis

of one of the heels used in pursuing said calling, and then, when the conflict was over, tossed Cooley high and dry on California's beautiful but rugged coast.

When the Veterans' Board found Cooley his assets, in addition to the aforementioned missing heel, included seven machine gun holes in the stomach, a shattered right elbow, a loyal wife, two children and a non-negotiable army discharge.

Today this erstwhile trainer of wild beasts is nurturing alfalfa, tomatoes and beans on a twenty-five-acre tract near Modesto, California. And, what is more to the point, he is making equal success as a tiller of the soil to that achieved under the big tops in antebellum days.

Shortly after Cooley's application for state assistance in buying a farm was approved, a skeptical interrogator demanded of Milton C. Gordon, Farm Supervisor of the Veterans' Board, why he had picked an animal trainer for a potential farmer.

Gordon's reply was that an animal trainer has to be smarter than the animals, hence should be eligible for outwitting the soil, rain, lack of rain, sun, and absence of sun which go toward making farm life what it is.

Veteran Cooley, discharged from the army a physical wreck, is today, thanks to California sunshine and the arduous nature of his crop-coaxing duties, the swarthy top-kick of his own plantation, with a family increased by one member and well supplied with emergency rations against new recruits which may join his squad at a later date. His is a remarkable case of what the State can do toward helping to rehabilitate war-scrapped men when it has the right human material to work with.

On the opposite side of Cooley's company street is the dugout of Peter F. Giacomini, late of the Province of Torino, Italy, who served his adopted country battling the heat in the Philippines and the sleet in Siberia. In his fight with the elements in foreign climes, Giacomini partially lost his hearing and annexed ear and throat troubles and an intense desire to grow grapes.

While the tract which he obtained through the California Veterans' Board is chiefly planted to alfalfa and tomatoes, with grapes figuring merely as a sideline, Giacomini has found there is

compensation in growing things desired by others as well as those desired by one's self.

Giacomini also is a newly-created farmer, his days prior to the opening of hostilities having been devoted to catering to man's physical self in the Italian restaurants of San Francisco.

COOLEY and Giacomini are only two of the many hundreds of California men who have been given new starts in life under the provisions of the Veterans' Farm and Purchase Act adopted by the State Legislature in 1921 as a part of the California Legion's program for veteran aid. To make effective the provisions of the act, the people of California in 1922 approved at the polls a bond issue of \$10,000,000. Since

thousand other California veterans who will benefit under the act as soon as they have chosen the farms or city homes they wish to buy. They are men whose applications have been approved by the board, and one by one they are finding the farms and homes which the State will help pay for. The act does not permit the use of funds for the erection of a home or dwelling, but restricts expenditures to the purchase of existing properties, thus placing all operations of the board on a tangible basis and guarding against the uncertainty which would exist if building operations were undertaken in the various sections of the State, in which costs of construction differ. Naturally, this places upon the applicant for aid the necessity of exercising keen judgment. He is expected to look over available properties in the section in which he wishes to locate, and the board must confirm his choice.

When a service man's application is approved he is required to make an initial payment—ten percent in the case of a farm, and five percent in the case of a city home. A careful system of appraisements has been established under which estimates of the true value of the property are made not only by the board appraisers, but also by an officer of a bank and a State inheritance tax commissioner.

After the appraisements have been made, the property is bought in the name of the Veterans' Welfare Board, which then enters into a contract to resell to the veteran on nominal terms. Purchasers are given up to twenty years to com-

plete their payments. The buyers of farms make yearly payments, while the purchasers of city homes pay monthly. The board has found by experience that \$438 is the average yearly payment on farms and \$30.17 the average monthly payment on city homes. This includes an average rate of interest of five percent on the sum which the board has advanced for the purchase.

All but one of the five members of the Veterans' Welfare Board are Legionnaires, the law requiring one non-service member. The chairman of the board is Frank H. Nichols, a native Iowan, who resigned as president of a Los Angeles bank to enter service and became a captain in the Air Service, and resigned the presidency of another bank to head his State's great program of assistance to its service men. The

Going to Saint Paul?

KEEP this information for reference when you buy your railroad ticket to Saint Paul for the Legion's Sixth National Convention, September 15th to 19th:

The rate is one fare for the round trip for adults. For children over five and under twelve the rate is one-half the adult excursion fare. Children under five will be carried free. Tickets at the reduced fare will be sold only to members of the Legion and Auxiliary and to widows of deceased Legionnaires, and only upon presentation of an identification certificate. Department headquarters are distributing these identification certificates to posts.

From Central, New England, Southeastern and Trunk Line Passenger Association territory reduced fare tickets will be sold from September 6th to 15th. At certain Mississippi River points (New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Helena and Memphis) sale will start September 5th.

In Southwest Passenger Association territory (including Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma) tickets will be sold September 5th to 15th. Sales in El Paso, Texas, will be from September 4th to 14th.

In Transcontinental Passenger Association Territory (Arizona, British Columbia, California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Washington) sales will be from September 3d to 14th.

In Western Passenger Association Territory (Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Nebraska, the northern peninsula of Michigan, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, and Julesburg, Colorado), tickets will be sold from September 6th to 15th. From Colorado (except Julesburg), Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming tickets will be sold from September 4th to 14th.

October 15th is the final limit on all tickets, the date on which ticket-holder must have reached the starting point.

Stopovers will be allowed at all points on going and return trips.

The same route must be used in both directions except as follows: From stations in Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington and Western British Columbia tickets may also be sold via diverse routes, purchaser paying one-half the regular fare for both the going and return routes selected. Usual additional charges via indirect routes also will apply.

Reduced fare tickets must be validated at Saint Paul by stamp of railroad agents before being used for the return trip.

the passage of the law, seventy-five wounded and disabled men have been helped to obtain title to farms and over seven hundred have been assisted in buying city homes.

The law permits the State Veterans' Welfare Board to expend up to \$7,500 for the purchase of a farm for a service man, and up to \$5,000 for the purchase of a city home. Inasmuch as preference is given, under the terms of the act, to veterans who were wounded or disabled in service, practically all who have been aided so far have been men with aggravated disabilities—men with missing limbs, victims of tuberculosis, veterans with wound scars which look like trademarks of death.

In addition to those who already have been assisted to obtain farms and homes of their own, there are several

secretary of the board, George M. Stout, a mining engineer before the war, made an exceptional record during the war as adjutant at the huge Salvage Depot at St. Pierre des Corps, near Tours, France.

No rigid lines of red tape or barriers of cold official formality separate the board members and the service men who are benefiting by the law. The members know that what a man is and what he may be counted on to do may not be determined mathematically from his application form, so they have learned to rely upon personal investigations and actual contact with applicants. Often they are the confidential advisors of the men, helping them solve problems which complicate their plans for establishing a home, lending a word of encouragement when discouragement threatens and going far beyond the requirements of official duty in other ways. A story of most intense human interest underlies almost every farm or home project.

FOR instance, there is the case of Owen W. Myers, a Los Angeles man who was the first to receive assistance under the law to acquire a city home of his own. Here was a service man totally paralyzed as the result of wounds in France. He had been living with his mother in a small rented house, and each month a frightening percentage of his money had to be paid to a landlord. His mother little by little spent her savings of a lifetime, trying to give her son the food and comforts he required, but, though she struggled bravely, the odds against her had brought her to the point of despair when the Veterans' Welfare Board came to her assistance.

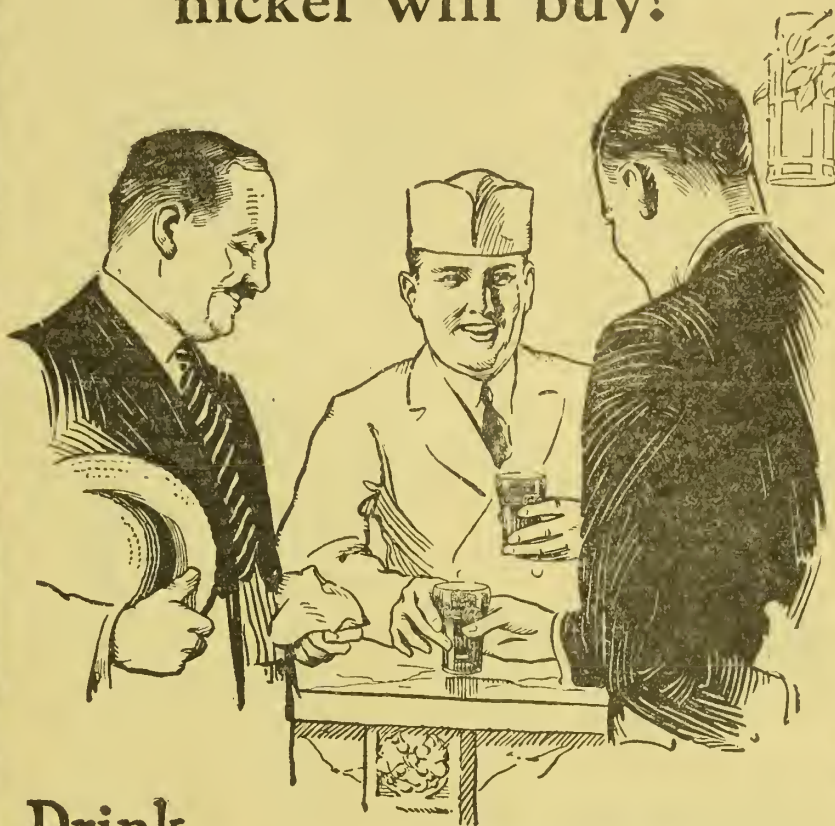
The board bought for Myers and his mother a modest little home in a suburb of Los Angeles. An American Legion post helped them to move into it and stood by to lend whatever further help could be given.

The psychological effect of this assistance upon the paralyzed man and his mother was amazing. From hopelessness he quickly rallied to a cheerful attitude toward his future life. His mother, with the intolerable burden of anxiety lifted from her, found new strength to perform the task of caring for her son. Today the two have no fear for the future. The payments they make for their house are the equivalent of one-third of the rental they formerly paid to the landlord, and should the mother outlive her son, she will always have a roof over her head and be provided for.

There is also the case of Joseph A. Schiefer, a former doughboy of the 91st Division, who lost both legs in the Argonne. Schiefer had been given a course in vocational training by the United States Veterans Bureau and was struggling to get a foothold as an accountant when he was given the help of the board. The house which the board bought for him largely solved the problem of making his limited resources sustain him as he faced the difficult days of getting a fresh start.

Then there is the story of Lawrence W. Chapman, another service man, who was a despondent exile in Arizona, a victim of tuberculosis, whose fondest hope was to return to his native State to make a home in which he and his wife and their baby might live quietly

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under conditions which would promise victory in his fight for life. The board obtained for him a home in Marin County, in a suburb of San Rafael. Immediately the family prospects brightened. Stimulated by hope, the sufferer showed a pronounced improvement. His wife began teaching school. In a short period the family found itself counting gains all along the line where before had been only losses.

Similar stories might be told of scores of other men, now useful citizens of California towns and cities, as well as the many who are winning out on their new farms. To the average layman, unversed in the romance of the soil, there is as little of the dramatic in life on the farm as there was in the S. O. S. in mud-stained France. Albeit there is pathos in the lives of California's soldier-farmers that would induce a chow-grabbing mess sergeant to generosity—with courage greater than that of the battlefield.

In support of which is offered the story of William J. Lampkin. Five years hence Lampkin will start serving a sentence imposed by the Boches on the night of September 30, 1918, in the Argonne—a sentence from which there will be no escape. That sentence is a life of blindness.

During his five-year term of reprieve from the inevitable, this veteran is waging one of the gamiest fights ever fought by a doomed man. With the co-operation of a wife, who married him with full knowledge of the terrible sentence he must serve, Lampkin has undertaken the stupendous task of bringing a farm under intensive cultivation and clearing it of debt in the brief time allowed him. The farm is twenty-three acres. The debt is \$6,000. Handicapped in his race against time by vision already impaired, Lampkin nevertheless has that same confidence of ultimate victory which characterized the A. E. F. Mayhap it is confidence born of ignorance, for Lampkin is scarcely past the rookie stage in agri-

cultural development, but those who have witnessed his accomplishments in the less than three months which he has served think otherwise.

If, during the days to come, the man of failing eyesight needs inspiration to carry on, he will find it on the tract of George Aksland, a few miles to the north. Aksland has attained the rank of agriculturist.

When this doughty veteran first gave the order to fall out and police-up the premises, his skeleton squad, composed of wife and son, gasped and retired to the mess kitchen for stimulants. Weeds, tall of stature; brush, rugged and formidable; stumps, deep-rooted and multitudinous—such was the vista on the morning of enlistment. In the foreground, with roof badly riddled and sagging, a ramshackle barn of ancient vintage was about to drop out of ranks from sheer exhaustion. A straggling rail fence, long since incapacitated, threatened to take a nose dive on the property lines. The camp was suffering from acute demoralization.

Proof that Aksland has made good is in evidence in the fact that while the Veterans' Board lists his farm at \$7,000 a civilian soil-coaxer is anxious to pay \$10,000 for it.

The protecting angel of the veterans who heeded California's call to the farm is Farm Supervisor Milton C. Gordon. Though his figure and demeanor belie his angelic propensities, Gordon watches over his colonists with solicitude and far-seeing eyes. A practical farmer and a veteran with a keen appreciation of the service man's problem, Gordon begins with the selection of the property and follows each man through his initiation into the mysteries of the soil. Determination of crops to be planted, buying of cattle, marketing of produce, purchase of equipment and a myriad other problems are his, and after all the preliminaries have been arranged the responsibility for the success or failure of his clients rests largely on his shoulders.



A NEW YORK POST'S HOME.—Far Rockaway (New York) Post accumulated \$16,000 through carnivals, dances and other entertainments and then proceeded to buy this building for \$30,000. It is fully equipped for club purposes and in addition has quarters for Boy and Girl Scout troops which have come under the wing of the post and its auxiliary, respectively

How Iowa Posts Make Money

(Continued from page 11)

to Hell" saloons, "Rattlesnake Pete" gambling houses, "Pinto Pearl" dance halls, "Two-gun Murphy" tradin' places and ferocious-looking wild west gunmen toting pistols big enough to be mounted as cannon. There's much shootin', much noise, the roulette wheels whir incessantly, the dance floors are crowded, the thirsty line-up six deep along the bars, the traders jam around the tradin' stations and a big night is on. All real money must be exchanged for bucks. Interest is intensified throughout by the publication of the Powder River Prevaricator, published daily during the days of the show, by an exceptionally clever newspaperman. Blood-curdling items like this, "A stranger committed suicide by calling Rattlesnake Pete a liar last night," weird stories of hanging of hoss thieves and battles between vigilantes and bandits furnish the material.

The fact that the murderous Rattlesnake Pete is a good-natured lawyer, that blanks are fired in the guns, that the Pinto Pearls include the post's nurse and yeomanette members and most of the city's refined young women and girls, that the Two-gun Murphys are doctors, business men, working men and clerks, that the hard-looking, desperate gunmen are veterans from all honorable walks of life, that the post chaplain is usually the roughest and toughest-looking character in the outfit, that all the drinks sold are soft, that the tradin' places sell everything from breakfast bacon to powder puffs, that the bucks "won" at the roulette wheels and faro tables must all be spent in Powder River—all create a situation that puts the whole city in a good humor, draws thousands of people and clears several thousand real dollars for the post.

Some of the posts have had great success with boxing shows. One post has a promoter who runs a furniture store for a living, but regularly steps out and makes for his post through a boxing program, as he says, "more in one night than I make for myself selling furniture in a month." The shows are clean, no law is violated, gambling is taboo, the best citizens attend. This post has cleared several thousand dollars on its boxing shows, all of which has been expended for helping disabled and unemployed veterans and their dependents.

Another post that's always doing something varies its methods of raising money. One year it staged a most successful Powder River show, this year it put over a race meet in which it offered almost \$10,000 in cash prizes, paid them all and then took away a fancy sum for its own treasury. Next year it plans to sponsor some theatricals.

Most of the Legion bands and athletic teams provide revenue for their posts. Clubroom canteens are always popular and are money makers. Wrestling matches, horseshoe pitching contests, baseball and golf tournaments, concerts, airplane circuses, automobile races, barbecues, bazaars, and many other things have made money for Iowa posts. And the posts have benefited in other ways, too.

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SATEEN SHIRT



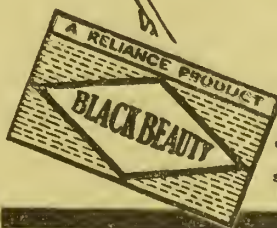
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The gypsies were musical beggars, wandering over the country. They appeared in a town in the morning and that night everything that wasn't nailed down disappeared

No. 52 Rue Nationale

(Continued from page 7)

"So," said M. Campou, "I advise raids on that house two or three times a week."

I did not like the job. It was unpleasant. We had a thousand other things to worry us. Mlle. Louise was once more in jail, for sheltering stolen property. But still the house remained open. Another woman, almost as old as she, and if anything a trifle dirtier, moved in and took charge.

Publicity kept the place empty for a week; no Americans ventured near it. Raid after raid, and we returned with empty hands. The Military Police, leaving the job to us because they were sick of the unhealthy smell of the house, cheered us from the street. Soon we too grew surfeited with it.

"Don't raid for three weeks," I ordered.

Le Mans filled with home-bound sol-

diers that night. A shipping tie-up halted all movements and no troops departed from the area for many days. Men, disgusted at the delay, went absent without leave. The reports at area headquarters showed a thousand soldiers absent from their companies.

They'll come back, was my attitude; why worry?

We were very busy that week. Another case, at the outer end of Rue Nationale, kept my whole force sleepless. Friday came, a chilly, windless, silent night, and I stood in front of the Restaurant de la Huisne, wondering what to do next in the case at hand.

Restaurant de la Huisne was off limits at the time. A bulky crate of stolen American merchandise had been discovered in the garret by a D. C. I. operator. An American had been stabbed several nights before in the grounds.

And now came a report from one of my men that many Americans were in the restaurant.

They might be the fugitives I wanted. So I slipped into the yard, down through the brush, and close to a window. English floated through the shutters. Good United States English. Silver clinked. It seemed an orderly enough party. I crept close to the window and peered through a crack.

Two brigadier generals and a flock of colonels were at supper. I backed away, wondering what to do. The night was very still. Along the river Huisne I heard the trickle of water as it fell over stones. Then . . . far away, down town, three shots, close together.

My car was waiting at the gate. In an office a block away I called our own headquarters.

"Any report on shooting?" I asked the desk sergeant who answered the telephone.

"No," he answered, "but a riot call came from Number 52 about ten minutes ago. I sent two carloads of men, everyone I could get hold of."

"I don't know whether or not I hung up the receiver.

"Quick . . . Number 52!"

The driver stepped on it.

A chattering crowd had collected half a block from the house. My car wormed through it, and we saw the lights of two of our own Fords across the street. The door of 52 stood open, with ax marks around its lock. A D. C. I. corporal stood guard.

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Don't know a thing about it!" he replied. "Sergeant Madden is here."

I hurried up the stair: A corporal ran past, his pistol in hand.

"What is it?" I asked again.

"Don't know, sir, except that some of them got out on the roof."

I galloped to the roof.

A shadow under the eaves proved to be Sergeant Madden, a leather billy strapped about his wrist.

"What is it?" I implored.

"Don't know sir," he admitted, "I've been chasing them. They're all over the roofs!"

"Who? Why?"

"Be right back!" Madden shouted. "Better lie down, they took three or four shots at me from behind those chimneys. I'm going to get our men to surround the block."

I was left alone on the roof of Number 52, feeling very foolish, very much excited, and not a little anxious. What had happened? What might happen next? What was it all about? Was I crazy?

This is what had happened.

The temporary landlady of Number 52, discovering certain American soldiers with no place to lay their heads, had invited them to sleep in her unsavory hostelry. The price was fifty centimes a night, with the understanding that they leave before daylight in the morning. She sheltered eighteen on this particular evening. They were no bad men, merely A. W. O. L.'s afraid to go back to their outfits. A real bad man was too wise; the place had had publicity, it might be raided.

One of her tenants was sensitive this Friday night. He became annoyed by the dirty floor at a late hour when everyone else was asleep; better, he decided to chance it on the streets. He had no matches, no flashlight. The place was black. But he knew his way to the stair. What he did not know

Sinking Funds

By "Finance"

A sinking fund is a very important provision in any indenture outlining the conditions under which bonds are issued. In effect a sinking fund provides for the payment of an outstanding loan, in instalments, and frequently matters are so arranged that by the time the issue matures, all the bonds are paid in full.

Suppose, for example, a corporation sold \$100,000,000 of 5% bonds due fifty years from now, in 1974; suppose the indenture naming the conditions under which the bonds were issued contained a sinking fund provision to the effect that 2% of the total issue were to be retired by the operation of the sinking fund each year; that would mean that \$2,000,000 of bonds would be paid off every year and that the total debt would be discharged in 1974.

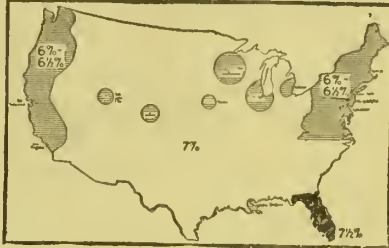
Sometimes bonds for a sinking fund are drawn by lot, certain numbers selected by a lottery scheme, and notice published in the newspapers that the bonds bearing these numbers are called for payment, and that interest on them shall cease from this time on. Sometimes such bonds are redeemed at a premium, that is at a price exceeding their face value.

At other times bonds obtained for a sinking fund are purchased in the open market by the issuing corporation, or by the trustee. When this is the case the indenture usually provides that not over a certain price shall be paid for them. If bond prices are down, and a 4% bond with a face value of \$1,000 can be bought for, say \$780, the corporation obviously finds it to its advantage to buy. The bonds may have been sold originally for say 96, and being able to buy them back at 78 means a profit of 18 points, and what is more the corporation retires a \$1,000 bond at a saving of \$220. On \$100,000 worth of bonds this is a saving of \$22,000, and it should also be remembered that for every \$100,000 of 4% bonds retired the corporation reduces its interest charges by \$4,000 a year.

Interest, as everyone knows, is a first charge on a corporation's earnings, and it is plainly to the advantage of a business to keep its interest charges down. Sinking funds reduce interest charges, benefiting the corporation, and the corporation's stockholders as well, for dividends can only be paid after interest charges are all taken care of, and the lower the interest charges the more there is left for dividends. Sinking funds also benefit holders of the bonds still outstanding. For example, if \$20,000,000 of bonds are issued, secured by \$40,000,000 worth of property, and by the operations of a sinking fund the amount outstanding is reduced to \$10,000,000, the security, nevertheless, remains at the original amount, and instead of being worth double the outstanding bonds, becomes worth four times their amount. The remaining bonds, therefore, rank correspondingly higher in the investment scale.

Investors too often ignore sinking funds. They investigate the security for bonds, and they find out about earnings, and no one can say that these two considerations are not the most important of all. A sinking fund provision, however, is also important and well worth looking into. Of course, there are all kinds of sinking funds, and some mean a good deal, and others mean but little, but all of them will bear attention, and the fact that so many bonds are put out, with sinking fund provisions attached, bears witness that it is an arrangement popular with corporations in search of capital, and also with individuals in search of investments.

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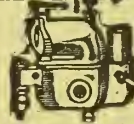
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(1) specimen Railway Postal Clerk Examination questions;
(2) list of U. S. Government jobs now obtainable; (3) send full information regarding preference to Ex-Service men.

Name.....

Address.....

was the queer habits of his aged landlady, who had chosen the top step as her roost for the night.

Groping his way through the dark he reached the landing. His foot caught there, on something bony. He leaped. A hand reached out and grabbed his ankle, and with a wild shout he plunged down the stair.

The landlady was not so shrewd as Mlle. Louise. She only remembered her warning and set up a frightened cry.

"The police!" she screamed. "The police! Run! Escape!"

She fled to the cellar coal bin. The fastidious A. W. O. L., finding himself still alive but very bloody, discovered that the door was locked and galloped back upstairs. A comrade's flashlight illuminated his face. Blood ran freely from his nose.

His fellows, aimlessly hunting a way out, questioned him.

"What happened?" they demanded.

"Police!" he answered. "Grabbed me; threw me downstairs!"

"Police!" repeated seventeen others.

Twelve of them climbed to the top floor. There was a trap door to the roof. Tiled gables made easy places to hide, and from Mlle. Louise's they slid to other roofs next door. They lay down behind chimneys to wait, three of them with pistols.

The other six, listening in the dark of the second floor, heard a new sound. A gendarme was pounding on the front door, asking what the noise was. The six were shy of police. They did not wait to answer. They rushed to a balcony at the rear of the house, let themselves down and dropped.

It should have been a safe escape . . . in America, at least. In the town of Le Mans they reckoned without French architecture. The ground where they found themselves was the backyard of a photographer's shop, with a ten-foot stone wall on three sides. It was very dark. Across the fourth side of the yard extended the photographer's wide window, ten-foot sheet of tricky glass.

The six fugitives charged to the rear of the yard. The high wall blocked them there. They doubled back. Still other walls. Their own comrades yelled on the roof. The cry put fear into the heels on the ground. Forward they galloped. Glass spilt, with a mighty crash, and the astonished six plunged through the window.

On the second floor the photographer and his wife arose in their bed and joined their voices to the outcry. Neighbors screamed. Noise reached the American Provost Marshal, whose office, I have said, looked down from the back on the untidy yard of Mlle. Louise. It was he turned in the riot call.

The D. C. I. responded. It took them ten minutes to reach 52 Rue Nationale. In those ten minutes six alarmed Americans, out of their wits, charged up and down the studio of the unfortunate photographer. A rack of postcards overturned. Shouts, cries, wails added to the turmoil.

The photographer appeared on the stair, dull ax in one hand, lamp in the other. The ax was taken forcibly. A terrorized doughboy began to chop his way out. He attacked the front door. The gendarme in the street yelled and retreated.

Iron shutters protected the door and windows. On this night, instead of keeping vandals out, the unsuspected shutters held "sauvages Américains" in.

The dull ax rained against the metal. D. C. I. operators, arriving, began to beat upon the outside of the door. The photographer's wife, her head out of an upper window, shrieked madly for protection.

Sergeant Madden led the attack across the roofs. The shots I heard were aimed at him by one of the hostelry's fleeing guests. It was five minutes later I arrived. Hundreds of soldiers and civilians stood gaping at a safe distance. D. C. I. sergeants had rounded up the six frantic men in the photographer's shop and were on their way to the guardhouse.

Searching the roofs we captured, one by one, all but two of the dozen who tried to escape that way. One whom we cornered on the roof of a three-story building kept pumping away at us until his pistol was empty and then dropped the three floors to the street. By the time we reached the spot he had been absorbed by the crowd. Nobody knew how badly he was hurt in the jump, or if he was hurt at all.

The other?

His was a vagabond's ignominy! How should he, a wandering missing man, know that the Provost Marshal would rent a house so near Mlle. Louise's establishment? How should he know what looked like roof was a skylight?

Clerks, working late in the Provost Marshal's, were annoyed by a rain of glass. They took off their green eyeshades and looked up. A pair of hobnails struck through the skylight. A very scared doughboy, gun in hand, dangled precariously on a thin piece of wood. They rescued and disarmed him.

The military police had arrived before this. The intelligence department was out in force. The gendarmerie supplied ten bearded and fearless fellows. The French barracks turned out two companies.

And at least five thousand doughboys, gaping in the streets, carried home a strange tale of the riot at Number 52. The "rioters" had been punished enough, we thought; we turned them back to their companies. Only one of them had actually fired upon us; he escaped. The others needed a doctor. He tied up their bloody noses, their sprained ankles, cut hands, all the marks of a battle with imaginary foes.

The temporary landlady was asleep on the coal pile when we visited the cellar. M. Campou, being an aggressive fellow of an original twist of mind, turned her over his knee and spanked her publicly, to the delight of a civilian gathering of neighbors in the morning. The photographer sued the American Government for ten thousand francs, because of "loss of sleep, property and peace of mind."

Mlle. Louise was already under arrest for harboring stolen property. After her trial she went to a French prison, blithely, for five years.

Number 52 was boarded up, padlocked and sealed with the proud seal of the French Republic. So far as we were concerned the case was closed.

And that's the story of what actually happened at Number 52, rumors and counter-rumors to the contrary. M. Campou will tell it, with many gestures and dramatic poses, as often as you refill his little glass of cider.

Another D. C. I. story will appear in an early issue.

What Did the World Gain by the War?

(Continued from page 5)

militarism and to make the world free for democracy. The result of the war was that all nations are arming as hard as they can, and what about democracy?—just look at the cables from over the whole world. Dictatorship of some sort or other is the favorite idea. The only good the war did is to show that a nation, not well armed, is powerless, and that such a nation gets no help from anybody.

SAMUEL GOMPERS

America: President, American Federation of Labor

The world gained as a result of the great war a freedom from the menace of organized militarist imperialism without which all peoples sooner or later would have been enchained in bondage and vassalage. Democracy is in the ascendancy, the dominant form of government. The tremendous meaning of that achievement will be more understood as time passes. The victory was magnificent, the cause worthy of all that we gave and more. And, permit me to add, I have no more consideration of those who denounced that cause and demean the effort now than I had while the struggle was on.

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Germany: Editor and publicist

America: General recognition that, despite the reproaches of too zealously chasing the dollar on the one hand and of being too subservient and weak towards its women, in its youthful idealism and in the firm unity of its young culture, it can always find the strength to defend its life interests quickly and with decisive effectiveness against any danger threatening from west or east.

Europe: The recognition by a few that the continent must always remain the checkerboard of the British Empire, which is not an integral part of the continent. Therefore the continent can neither recover nor thrive if it does not try to find the way to unity—first of all to economic unity. It will find such a way in the same manner in which it was found, after an exhausting war, in the time of George Washington in the United States, unless the continent, while at the same time most carefully attending to each national individuality, fails to get rid of the ugly habit of inciting to battle nationalisms and patriotisms (with the weapons of anger, rage and contempt) against each other, instead of unifying and joining them like flowers of different colors, kind and fragrant as in flower beds, combining them in a manner so as to produce a colorful garden, bearing the most varied fruits.

The Old and the New World: The certainty that war has lost its last glowing charm of romantic chivalry or knighthood, that it has lost the manly nobility of a fight to be decided by personal valor, and has become an endless war of industrial masses of matter and physical and chemical devils' work. Furthermore, they have gained the feeling that alongside of the twilight culture, the root of which had been nursed for thousands of years from the Mediterranean, there is growing a new culture, the source of which will be the

Pacific Ocean, and for the formation of which the age-old wisdom of China will combine with the spirit of America, which is of a stormy modern nature and not contaminated by the dust of tradition and prejudices.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

America: Chancellor Emeritus, Leland Stanford, Junior, University; author of many books against war

What did the world gain by the World War? In the aggregate, nothing whatever. In detail:

1. The downfall of three imperial autocracies.
2. The puncture of a pasteboard Caesar.
3. The freedom of Alsace-Lorraine (though creating half a dozen other misused provinces).
4. A slowly rising idea of international solidarity and the resolve that it shall not happen again.
5. An experience which teaches that no nation has an interest so important as international friendship founded on fair play.
6. The certainty that there are no "fruits of Victory" worth their cost.
7. The certainty that war brings no "survival of the fittest—but of those that never fit," a result which will show itself for generations.
8. The certainty that war cheapens or destroys all human values, financial, political, moral, spiritual alike. "A declaration of war lets loose every crime." "Raising the lid releases every demon civilization has held in check."
9. The wisdom of Franklin: "Wars are not paid for in wartime; the bill comes later."

But alas! the one lesson of history is that "it is made only to be at once forgotten."

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

England: Economist; Author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace"; Lecturer in History and Economics, King's College, Cambridge

I don't know!

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

America: Former Commander-in-chief of the A. E. F.; chief of staff, U. S. A., and General of the Armies

While we are probably too close to the events of the World War definitely to judge of its general benefits to mankind, yet the victory did result in preventing domination by autocracy, with all of its disastrous effects upon civilization, and the evidence is clear that the free peoples of the world will unite in resisting such domination.

SOLDIER NO. 1,000,000

America: Served in the ranks throughout the war; is still in service as a staff sergeant

Although we cannot claim that, as a result of the World War, the world has been made "safe for democracy," it is apparent that the American principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" has been, for the first time, impressed upon European minds.

The benefits are not yet apparent,

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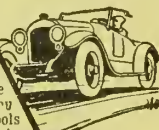
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as the world is in the process of readjustment. The cost was terrific. This was necessarily so as the old system was strongly entrenched in all European minds. The benefits will not be evident until another generation has passed.

UPTON SINCLAIR

America: Author; exponent of the radical viewpoint

The world gained by the World War an opportunity to learn thoroughly that capitalist governments are incompetent to manage civilized communities, and that national competition for raw materials and foreign markets will wreck civilization during the present generation, if it is not checked by a system of international co-operation.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

America: Editor, Emporia (Kansas) Gazette

The gain of the World War came not in a victory for the Allies nor through defeat of the Germans. I doubt if the Allies are better off than the Germans nationally. The gain came in self-respect for the working man and the man of small means and his woman folks. And it cut through nationalities without respect to Allies or Central Powers. In that much democracy has gained and never will go back. In the long run, it will be worth all it cost. You boys, could not make the world fit for democracy in sections; all or none of the civilized world had to be democratized. So that is why the victory was not national.

BUDDIES IN DISTRESS

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

LIEUT. DONALD F. MCGONIGAL, formerly with 3rd Bn., 358th Inf.; CHARLES T. BEAUPRE, former 1st Lieut., Co. L, 358th Inf.; B. F. MITCHELL, former 2nd Lieut., 3rd Bn., 358th Inf.; Captain, Medical Corps, who had charge of the pneumonia ward, 5th Div. Field Hospital, Stenay, France, Nov.-Dec., 1918, and CORP. THOMAS COLLINS, Co. M, 357th Inf.

CAPT. CAMPBELL, M. C., formerly at Base Hospital No. 1, Fort Benjamin Harrison, during 1917 and first half of 1918, when he left for France.

CLIFFORD PENCE and SHELBY GILPIN, of Wisconsin.

ROSCOE LELAND, formerly with Sanitary Co. No. 2, 32d Div., discharged as Major, and other members of that company at time the *Tuscania* was torpedoed, and who knew R. K. WILMARTH.

MEDICAL OFFICERS of 322d Inf., 81st Div., in spring of 1919, and eye doctor in Base Hospital at Chatillon, France, at that time.

EDWARD W. MCKALSON, former drum major with Shotz Band, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Comrades of GEORGE EDWARD COLLINS, former Ship's Cook, U. S. N. R. F., on U. S. Collier *Orion*.

Comrades of JESSE H. SHIELDS, former private 34th Company, 165th Depot Brigade, Camp Travis.

Comrades of SERGT. MAJOR CARL KULLENBECK who were present at message center of 91st Division when shell exploded in the dugout, killing or wounding everyone present.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, pos. commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

CLAUDIUS M. BANCUM, Raleigh (N. C.) Post. D. March 8, aged 43. Served with Co. H, 55th Inf., 7th Div.

WALTER C. BATH, Indiana (Pa.) Post. D. June 7, aged 31. Served with Co. F, 110th Inf., 28th Div.

HOWARD CALLAN, John J. Welch Post, Niagara Falls, N. Y. D. June 28, aged 25. Served with 307th Ammn. Train, 77th Div.

JOSEPH DAoust, Steve Mercier Post, Saron, Wis. D. June 26, aged 27. Served with Bty. C, 9th T.M.Bn.

HERMAN F. EDLER, Ludwig-Zingkraft Post, Plymouth, Wis. D. when truck he was driving hit by passenger train July 2, aged 33. Served with 12th Hospital Veterinary Corps.

LEE H. EVANS, David Humphrey Daniel Post, Saybrook, Ill. D. March 28. Served with 269th Aero Squadron.

JOSEPH K. FREILER, Hyde Park Post, Chicago. D. May 26, aged 35. Served in Navy at Great Lakes Naval Station.

FRANK HAUER, Edward H. Cummings Post, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. June 7, aged 31. Served with 350th Aero Squadron.

WALTER F. KOEGELE, James Dickey Post, Portsmouth, O. D. June 22. Lieutenant, Q.M.C.

JAMES MOONEY, Edward H. Cummings Post, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. May 26, aged 31. Served with 80th F. A.

EDWIN R. MULLEN, Hyde Park Post, Chicago. D. June 15, aged 29. D.S.C. Served in 344th Inf.

JAMES PRICKETT, Jr., Paul Gall Post, Dolton, Ill. Killed at Chicago Heights, Ill., Jan. 30. Served with Co. C, 130th Inf., 33rd Div.

MURRAY BROWN REID, Mt. Tacoma Post, Kaposin, Wash. D. July 10, aged 39. Captain of Engineers.

JACK D. SEXTON, Carnegie (Pa.) Post. D. June 5, aged 28. Served with Co. C, 111th Inf., 28th Div.

ERNEST SPOERKE, Oscar Falk Post, Menominee, Mich. Killed by live wire, July 11, aged 34. Served with Co. L, 125th Inf., 32nd Div.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. G, 329TH INF.—Fifth annual reunion, Ekko Kottage, Riverview, Fremont, O., Aug. 2-3. Address Edward Heider, 323 No. Fifth St., Fremont, O.

BTRY. E, 325TH F. A.—Second annual reunion, at Central Park, Kokomo, Ind., Aug. 31. Address Chester Ayres, Flora, Ind.

146TH INF., 37TH DIV.—Reunion at Lima, O., Aug. 31. Address Maurice W. Conner, 405 So. McDonell St., Lima, O.

310TH F. S. BN.—Fifth annual reunion, Sept. 1. Address A. W. Lipsey, 124 So. Park Road, LaGrange, Ill.

54TH PIONEERS.—Former members register at 49 East Fifth St., St. Paul, during national convention. Write E. J. Norlin at above address.

32ND (RED ARROW) DIV.—Fifth annual reunion at Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 13-15. Address R. E. Browne, executive secretary, 1201 Trust Company Bldg., Milwaukee.

89TH DIV.—Reunion dates changed to Sept. 25-27, at Kansas City, Mo. Address Secretary, 89th Div. headquarters, Memorial Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

WALLY: His Cartoons of the A. E. F.

EVERYONE who read *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F., will remember particularly the weekly strip cartoon by Wally—he's the same Wally who hands Weekly readers a laugh each week with his page of cartoons. The Wally cartoons which appeared in the overseas *Stars and Stripes* have been reprinted in a book—66 pages of hilarity—17½ by 7 inches in size. Price \$1.50 postpaid. Send remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

Times Change

In 1724

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest;
Yo! Ho! Ho! And a bottle of rum!"

In 1924

Full many a time I've read that jest
And I can't get the idea through my chest,
But I notice one thing today, by gum!
It's fifteen men to a bottle of rum.

Farm Drama to Date

Gal leaves the old folks down on the farm
For the wicked city where gals come to harm.

Paw and Maw see the gal off on the train,
Doubting if she'll ever be the same again.
Gal mee's a dirty villain sure enough.
Says he's a sheik and tries to do his stuff.
Woos the gal handsomely and gives her jools,

Takes her in society and swimming pools,
Buys her dresses and some red and green shoes,

Lavishes limousines and costly booze.

Finally proposes but the gal says, "No!"
She learned all the ropes from a movie show.

Paw and Maw waiting at the old home-
stead

See the villain stagger up nearly dead.
He's ragged and broke and his mustaches droop;

That's an indication he's been taken for a loop.

Paw remarks with a look that's grim:
"Maw, our Nell ain't done right by him."

Fairfax Downey.

Stylish

He: "So you're divorced."

She: "Yes."

"It's very becoming."

Shortening the Agony

Débutante: "Do you believe in long en-
gagements?"

Divorcée: "Every time. They make
married life so short, you know."

A Bargain

Higgins: "So you wrote to Helen every
day for six months. I suppose your letters
mean a great deal to the lonely girl."

Wiggins: "Quite a great deal, although
she offered to sell them to me for fifty dol-
lars each."

Almost Impossible

Bill: "It's hard to do."

Joe: "What's hard to do?"

Bill: "Keep a blind tiger running with-
out bumping into the law."

Mixed Foursomes

When Gretchen saved a billion marks,
Her breast surged high with hope.

Said she: "If I'd a billion more,
I'd buy a cake of soap."

—J. P. R.

They say that fish are brain food.

This verse goes in the mail,

The result of all my effort

After dining on a whale.

—W. S.

It's always safe
To swat a fly
Unless he's on
A custard pie.

If money doesn't make the man,

It's very plain to me

That when election time draws near,

It makes the nominee.

—C. C. S.

The Optimistic View

Mrs. Kyndleigh: "So you're married,
Mandy. What does your husband do?"

Mandy: "He am one of dem matinee
idols."

"What? Really, Mandy?"

"Yassum. He am idle every afternoon
from two till six."

The Choice

The battle-scarred fire chief at the top
of the fire ladder was having some difficulty
in persuading a young woman in the blaz-
ing house to intrust herself to his arms.
Finally he burst forth with:

"Say, young lady, you gotta come down
this ladder with me unless you want to
get burned up. You got no choice."

"Oh, but I have a choice!" she snapped.

"Please send that handsome blond young
fireman up to take me down."

Case

Mary loved a sailor

And she followed him around

As her love would lead her,

Wherever he was bound.

Though he pleaded with her,

She persisted in her fault,

Till he had her arrested

And they held her for a salt.

—E. D. K.

Tit for Tat

"Even if your wife is almost sixty," said
the judge, "you had no business beating her
up just because she had her hair bobbed."

"Say, judge," whined the aged defendant,
"you'd oughter saw what she done to me
a year ago when I shaved my whiskers off."

Where Was Papa Going?

Willie had been naughty and was being
sent to bed by his mother without his sup-
per. He was naturally aggrieved at the
feminine sex in general and tumbled be-
tween the sheets without a word.

"Willie," she demanded, "say your pray-
ers."

"I won't."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Nah. I'm goin' with papa. Us men got
to stick together these days."

Time: 1918

Sergeant: "Two men wanted who aren't
afraid to die. There's a—"

Gloomy Private (jumping suddenly to
his feet): "I'll go!"

Sergeant (belligerently): "Nothin' doin'!
Git back! You ain't gonna git out of payin'
me them fifty francs you owe me as easy
as that."

Not Now

Rastus: "Was dat yo' girl Ah seen yo'
with las' evenin'?"

Rufus: "Yas—las' evenin'."

Down to Date

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
Some guy'll be there to help, by golly!"



LITTLE KNOWN REUNIONS. No. 1

The I Was Pershing's Only Chauffeur Association holds its first annual
encampment at Château Bulliers, Bunk-sur-Marne



Post Caps!

SPECIFICATIONS

- STYLE: Overseas type.
- MATERIAL: 12-ounce Uniform cloth.
- COLOR: American Legion Blue.
- EMBLEM: Silk embroidered in full Legion colors.
- LETTERING: Gold silk embroidered. Post number on left side and full State name (*no abbreviations*) on the right. All letters and numerals are $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in size.
- TRIMMINGS: Gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

PRICES

- 1-24 caps..... \$2.25 each, complete
- 24 or more caps. 2.00 each, complete

Snappy? Man alive, yes! And what's more they fit perfectly and feel fine on the head. What a splendid showing your Post or Department delegation would make at St. Paul this year if each man turned out with one of these Post caps. They will enable you to make a most creditable showing at a moderate cost.

Two Weeks Delivery

Write for Catalog

[MAIL
TODAY]

Emblem Division, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is ^{Money order} _{Check} for \$..... in payment for Post caps which are to be lettered

(POST NUMBER ONLY)

(STATE NAME IN FULL ONLY)

It is to be understood however that if the caps are not exactly as represented that my money will be refunded promptly upon return of the caps. Caps to be the following sizes:

$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$6\frac{7}{8}$	7	$7\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{3}{8}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$

NAME

STREET

CITY.....

STATE.....